

their stuttering even extends to their hands and feet. Art Phelan and Vic Saler pulled a pair of stutters yesterday that forced the Boston Braves to accept a game they had no license to get.

Lefty Pierce established himself as one of the dependable members of the home heaving crew by letting the Braves down with six hits. He passed four, but errors were responsible for all the runs but one. Lefty himself made one bum chuck trying to catch a batter at first that allowed one man to reach third and another second. Both scored. Even though he lost, Lefty looked good. This makes three good games he has pitched in a row, almost a record on the West Side.

Dickson was no puzzle to the Cubs after two men were out. Six of the Cub swats were wasted in this manner. Only in the third and fifth could the home athletes score, three hits turning three runs in the third and two hits manufacturing the final count in the fifth. Even in the fifth the Cubs did not hit until two were out, a single by Saler and triple by Phelan doing the business.

After the game one fan remarked that the Cubs were playing a new brand of inside baseball. Instead of the delayed steal they were using the delayed hit. Great idea.

Heinie Zim was chased for disputing a decision in the fourth. Before departing Zim had patted in two runs with a double. Phelan took Zim's place, and on the first ball pitched the batter bumped to Art. The latter made a bum chuck to first and a runner who was on third scored the fifth and winning run.

Three double plays pulled Dickson out of some bad holes.

One funny thing about the passes Pierce yielded. Two of them went to Maranville, the smallest boy in the game, and the other two went to Hap Myers, the Brave first baseman, who is such a tall guy he would look like a needle if he closed one eye.

Tomorrow we get our first 1913 sight of the Giants, when they open a four-game series against the Cubs. McGraw has not shaken his team into a fast clip, but they are going much better than the West Siders, and Evers' men will have all the work they want getting an even break. Tesreau, the big spitball pitcher, has finally come around after a bad start, but the Cubs are not liable to draw him in the first game. It looks more like Marquard. In his last few games the Rube has been good, and the present Cub team is not noted for the way it slugs south-paws.

Ping Bodie is something like a horse. When he gets out on the green grass he begins to feel pretty good, and the only way to relieve his feelings is to roll around in the clover. The fact that the Sox may be in the midst of a hard-fought game makes no difference to Ping. He feels like rolling. He rolls.

Ping rolled a game directly into the hands of the Boston Red Sox yesterday. He showed symptoms of the horse feeling early in the game, when he tried to score from second on a single, and was thrown out trying to scramble back to third after Kid Gleason had gotten a toe-hold on him to prevent his sure death at the plate. Ping had as much chance to score on the hit, which was a short one, as Chance has of winning the pennant.

The big stuff came in the twelfth Russell passed Speaker with two out. Then Duffy Lewis jammed a double to left field, which runs up-hill to the scoreboard. Ping pursued the pill up the incline, slipped and rolled down the hill like an Easter egg. Speaker scored. If Bodie had been able to control his legs Tris would have been held at third, as Mattick chased clear over from center field and almost managed to get the fleet Texan at the plate. Incidentally, Mattick did the feature fielding for the Sox. He grabbed six